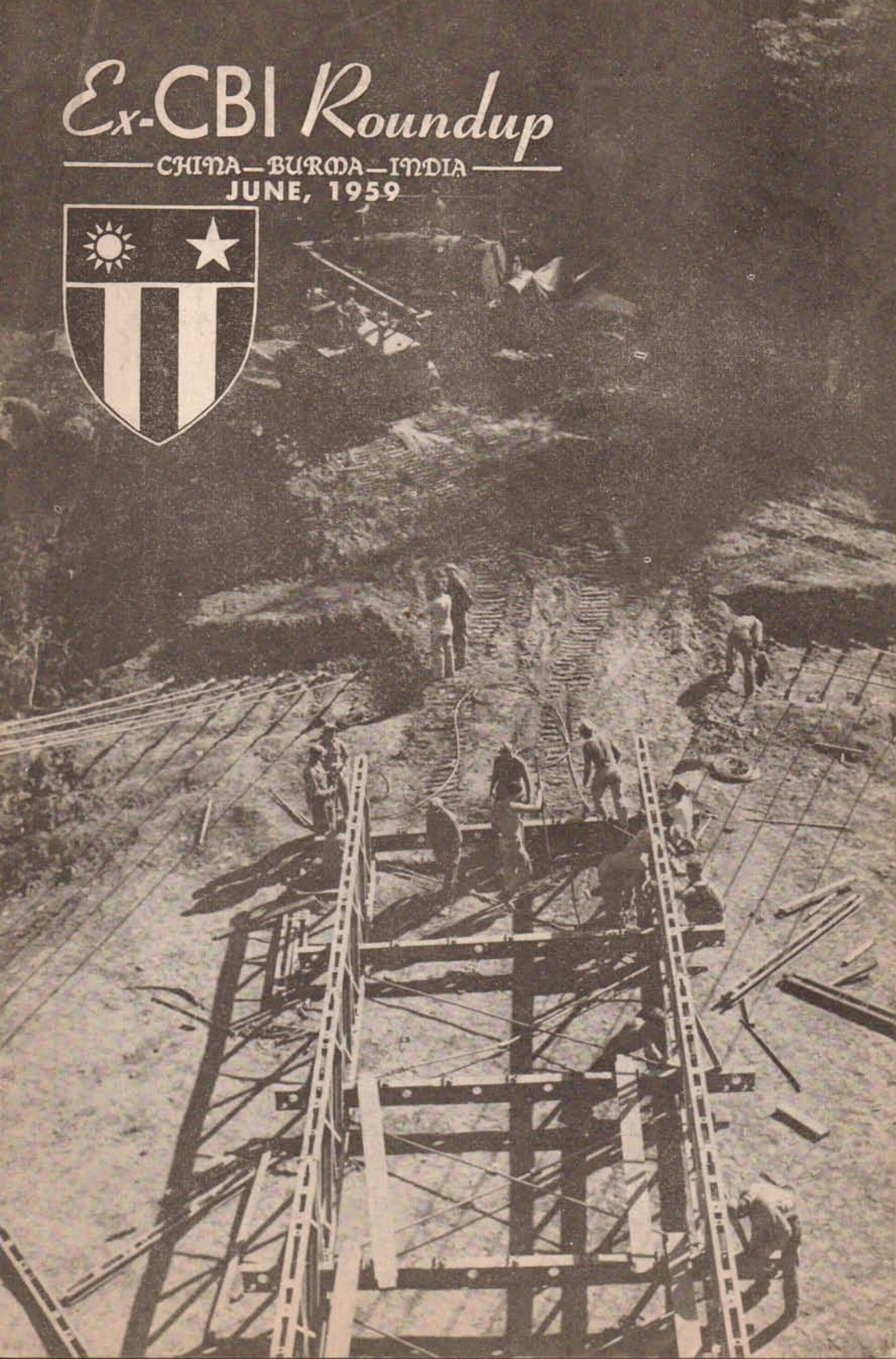


Ex-CBI Roundup

CHINA—BURMA—INDIA

JUNE, 1959





APPROACHING the field for a landing at Kunming, China, after a mission in September 1942 is a familiar plane to most CBIers, a Curtiss P-40. It was the P-40 that performed so well for General Claire Chennault's AVG pilots, starting in 1941, and later for the China Air Task Force and the 14th Air Force.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 13, No. 6

June, 1959

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Clarence R. Gordon & Neil L. Maurer Co-Editors

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Laurens, Iowa

Letter FROM The Editors . . .

● **We had hoped** to import from Calcutta a real rickshaw to use at this year's CBI Reunion, but it appears now that if we do conclude the deal it will never arrive in time. Our contacts in India are having trouble getting what we want and last letter says, "We are now able to find one nicely used tonga!"

● **Your efforts** are always appreciated when you send a letter to the editors for publication. Only through your notes are we able to continue to give our readers the reminiscing on which our magazine is founded. And don't forget to drop us a line when you read of a fellow CBI-er in the newspapers.

● **Cover picture** shows men of Company A, 209th Engineer Combat Battalion, adding a panel to the stiffening girder as a step in construction of Bailey suspension bridge over Taiping River in China in February 1945. As panels were completed, girders were moved on rollers and trolleys toward middle of span. In the background is the fill for the approaching road. U. S. Army photo.

● **Sales of Roundup book-type Binders** have slowed down substantially in the past few months. We have a fair quantity on hand now but we emphasize that when these are gone there will be no more. Our manufacturer requires that they be ordered in 1,000 lots and we do not feel it worthwhile to tie up so much money for the length of time it would require to dispose of these. So, if you need a Binder now or will be needing one in the future, get them while they last. Price still only \$3.00 each.



Assam Railroad

● A friend of mine who recently toured Assam tells me that the railroad which ran from Tinsukia to Amingaon or Pandu is practically out of business, due to trucking companies using the better roads in competition.

HAROLD B. FISHER,
Coral Gables, Fla.

Naga Independence

● Found the article on the Naga tribesmen (May) very interesting. Seems like the little men have a case for the United Nations, if they knew how to get it there. It's easy to understand India's position, too. If they gave the Nagas their independence, they might align with Chinese communists and their land used as bases for a possible future conflict. On the other hand, these former headhunters who did so much to help the Americans and allies during the war, want to be free like anyone else.

STAN R. FREMONT,
Dayton, Ohio



ENTRANCE to the Temple of Sex at Benares, India. Photo by J. T. Howard.



RICKSHA boys awaiting passengers at Chengtu, China. Photo by Bob McClure.

CBI Congressman

● Roundup readers may be interested to know that Congressman Kenneth B. Keating of New York is a CBI veteran. Having served as a sergeant in World War I, Mr. Keating, who had been a practicing attorney at Rochester, N. Y., since 1923, was commissioned as a major at the outbreak of World War II. He served overseas, mostly in CBI, and from 1943 to 1946 was executive assistant to Lt. Gen. Raymond A. Wheeler, Deputy Supreme Commander of the Southeast Asia Command. He was discharged as a colonel and later promoted to brigadier general. Less than a year after his military discharge in 1946, he was elected to Congress.

CHARLES VENTRIL,
New York City, N. Y.

Served in Burma

● Bob Gist, who plays Cary Grant's executive officer in the new motion picture, "Operation Petticoat," was an infantry captain during World War II. The Broadway actor had four years active duty in Burma, New Guinea, the Solomons and on Corregidor, according to press reports.

ABRAHAM A. KRUGER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Erickson Retires

● Maj. Gen. Edgar C. Erickson, chief of the National Guard Bureau in Washington for the last six years, was scheduled for retirement May 28 with formal ceremonies at Fort Myer, Va. General Erickson, a native of Worcester, Mass., has been an active National Guardsman for more than 45 years. His first assignment was on the Mexican border in 1916. He served in both World Wars, receiving the Legion of Merit and Bronze Star Medal for his services in China in World War II.

C. JACOBSON,
Peoria, Ill.

Would Go Back

● Always look forward to Roundup—sometimes wish I could go back and see what's around. Would like to help start an Omaha and Council Bluffs basha, and am willing to use my office for correspondence. CBI men and women may call my office if interested.

WILLIAM J. PAPPAS,
3205 Dodge Street
Omaha 31, Nebr.

Just Seemed Long!

● Thirty-one months in India is a heluva long time! Of course, I wasn't there that long—it just seemed long. Still enjoy the magazine immensely and maybe will get energetic and come through with an article for you on the mail service. Was with the 19th Base Post Office at Calcutta, Chabua, Kunming and Shanghai—two Hump trips via ATC and one over the Road via truck. Many fine experiences and memories, but don't want any more except as a tourist.

RAY CHAPMAN,
Lubbock, Tex.

China Barber Shop?

● The "sidewalk barber shop" you pictured on page 4 of the May issue looks more like a Chinese restaurant

WILLIAM Z. SMITH,
Dallas, Texas



KNIFE GRINDER at work in an Indian village. The lad at right is turning the grinder. Photo by J. T. Howard.



HARVEST TIME in the terraced rice paddies of India. Both men and women are helping with the harvest. Photo by J. T. Howard.

Dalai Lama in India

● I'm sure all CBI-ers have been watching with interest the news of Tibet's Dalai Lama stay in India. The guys stationed at Tezpur must have been particularly thrilled to note the Dalai Lama and his party arrived there as his first stop in India. And where is he staying? At Mussoorie, our former rest camp.

HARLAN F. GANZ,
El Paso, Texas

Dinjan Airfield

● Roundup is the most thoroughly read magazine at our house, and I guess my wife and kids get as much thrill out of it as I do. The pictures always bring back many memories of my tour of duty there and I am constantly on the lookout for familiar names and places. A recent movie I saw on TV (the picture was at least 10 years old) was titled "Calcutta," with Alan Ladd and William Bendix. I got a real kick out of the name of the airfield from where they operated—Dinjan. Flew in and out of there many times in 1944-45, but it never looked like it did in the picture!

SPENCER D. TODD,
Louisville, Ky.

Chinese College

● Served in 21st Photo and 4 PTU, 14th Air Force; now mining engineer. Enjoy the magazine; it brings back memories of India, Burma and China during World War II. I was educated in Chinese college (Lingnan) as well as American. This is no hay, it's U. S. A. I would rather die here in this hole of hell than any place in the whole world and that includes all the rice in China and India put together. Amen!

HARRY M. J. LEE,
Barstow, Calif.

Bring Back Memories

● Have enjoyed reading Roundup for the last several years; it sure brings back memories of the days long past. It seems that I have never seen anything about the 22nd Air Depot Group that was stationed at Karagpur, India. I was stationed there with the 422nd QM Plat., 22nd Air Depot Group. Would like to hear from anyone who was stationed there from February 1944 on. I left India April 12, 1945.

MONTIE F. CAMERON,
Postmaster
Kirkland, Texas

Tribute to Willie

● I don't think I have ever read a more touching story than "Willie of Kal-aikundah" by William D. Joyce in the March issue of your magazine. What a wonderful tribute to a little Indian lad, and told with exactly the right amounts restraint and emotion. I'll admit it put a big lump in my throat. I wish there was some way Mr. Joyce's fine piece could be sent to Willie Francis' withered old Grandma. And I hope that grabby and "supercilious little Hindu doctor" in the hospital at Midnapur chokes on his own chapatti.

JOHN M. VIRDEN,
Colonel USAF (Ret.)
Washington, D. C.



BAMBOO lath and plaster building under construction for the Northern Engineer District compound at Peishiyi, China, in summer of 1945. Photo by Jim Bowman.

Eventful Reunion Ahead

There's a full schedule of fun and entertainment ahead for CBI veterans and their families who attend the 12th Annual CBI Reunion on August 5, 6, 7 and 8 at the beautiful new Sheraton Hotel in Philadelphia!

As an example of the type of entertainment planned, Commander B. B. Rose of the Delaware Valley Basha has just informed Roundup that Howard Klein, known as America's foremost hypnotist, will appear at one of the many social functions. The Delaware Valley Basha will be host to the Reunion.

Howard Klein represents a new type of professional hypnotist. He has studied his subject as a science, and has given some startling demonstrations. He has been featured in Collier's, The Reader's Digest and other publications, and has appeared before many university audiences and at meetings sponsored by large companies throughout the country.

Other headliners will be scheduled. Following is the tentative program:

WEDNESDAY, August 5

9 p.m.—Welcome cocktail party, hosted by the Delaware Valley Basha. Free concert in Robin Hood Dell.

THURSDAY, August 6

10 a.m.—Opening business session for members. Trip to the Zoo for women and children.

12:30 p.m.—Tour and picnic for all at historic Valley Forge Park.

8:30 a.m.—CBIVA Night at the Boyd Theatre, "Cinerama" spectacular.

11 p.m.—Hospitality rooms.



HEADQUARTERS for the 1959 CBI Reunion in Philadelphia, Aug. 5-8, will be the beautiful new Sheraton Hotel.

FRIDAY, August 7

9 a.m.—Tour of the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

1 p.m.—Past Commander's Luncheon for all.

3 p.m.—Business session for members; "free time" for women and children.

3:30 p.m.—Teen-age hop on Dick Clark's TV Band Stand (in Puja costumes).

5:30 p.m.—Pre-Puja Night dutch treat cocktail party.

6 p.m.—Puja Parade for all; bands and parade to the Burning Ghat.



SKYLINE of Philadelphia, site of the 12th annual CBI Reunion, looking down the Benjamin Franklin Parkway. Photo by Philadelphia Convention and Visitors Bureau.

Eventful Reunion Ahead

9 p.m.—Puja Ball for all in Main Ballroom of Sheraton Hotel. Prizes, dancing.

11:30 p.m.—Hospitality rooms.

SATURDAY, August 8

10 a.m.—Closing business sessions. Trip to the Franklin Institute for women and children.

2 p.m.—City tour by Grey Lines for all. Veterans' memorial service at Independence Hall.

6 p.m.—Children's banquet (entertainment).

8:30 p.m.—Commander's Banquet (dance and entertainment).

11:30 p.m.—Hospitality rooms.

"Plus features" listed for the Reunion include free baby sitters at all times; deep sea fishing trips available; souvenirs, prizes and surprises; distinguished

guests; and TV and radio coverage. Tentative rates for registration are \$18.50 for adults and \$10 for children if attending Children's Banquet in lieu of Commander's Banquet.

Indications are that this may be the biggest CBI Reunion ever held, so those who plan to attend are advised to make reservations early.

Officers of the Delaware Valley Basha advise that space in the Reunion Souvenir Book has been specially designated for names of Boosters of CBIVA. Individuals interested in having their names appear, can do so by writing Al Frankel, Chairman Convention Souvenir Book, 120 Yellowstone Road, Plymouth Meeting, Pa. enclosing \$1. Those submitting names should include the name of the basha to which they belong. It is expected that this listing will result in discovery by members and friends of many old buddies perhaps long since forgotten.

Blessed Event Takes Place on Guard Post

From CBI Roundup

Pvt. Verner Nielsen, ex-Merrill Marauder, was walking his Headquarters guard post, literally obeying the second general order, "keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing."

Suddenly an Indian coolie woman slumped to the ground and gave birth to a baby.

Nielsen is an old campaigner and he wasn't going to be caught short. So he yelled for the corporal of the guard in accordance with the ninth general order, "to call the corporal of the guard in any case not covered by instructions."

The corporal called the sergeant and the sergeant called the OD, who happened to be Capt. Charles A. Chapla of the Judge Advocate General Section. When Chapla got there the blessed event had taken place and evidence removed via a tonga.

So Chapla, after calling for the help of a tape measure and determining that the birth had taken place a quarter inch outside the confines of the Army zone, complimented Nielsen on his efficiency and departed. Chapla said he could find nothing in the military regulations

covering the case and in his experience as an old Cleveland attorney he couldn't recall a precedent, even in Ohio militia annals.

In his report to the OD, Nielsen related it was about four in the afternoon when he noticed a group of three Indian coolies and their memsahibs passing near his post. Suddenly one of the women faltered and fell to the ground.

The rest of the party stopped, and dragged her to the shade of a tree bordering Nielsen's post. One of the attending Indians ran into the Headquarters yard, fetched a pail of water and explained to the dismayed Nielsen, "Memsahib, bebee (rubbing his stomach) panee. Malum?"

"Damndest thing I ever saw," stated the blond, six-foot-two Nielsen. "There was this gal, about 17 years old, lying over there on the ground having a kid and not even yelling."

Nielsen continued. "Those Indians delivered the kid and one of them severed the umbilical cord with a rusty pocket knife. Then they wrapped the young coolie in a dirty sheet and carted it and the mother off in a tonga. It only took about 14 minutes. I wish some of those Army sanitation experts had been around."

Nielsen has appointed himself the child's godfather and properly is passing out cigars.

Asked if it were a boy or girl, he confessed, "I forgot to look. But, boy," he chortled, "was that OD stymied!"

The Night War Came to Mengtsz

BY DON WHELPLEY

I felt guilty about my duty in Mengtsz. While others of the American Volunteer Group were making desperate last-stands in Burma, during early 1942, I lolled around this peaceful Chinese village enjoying the good life of a colonial squire.

Mengtsz nestled among the high mountains of lower Yunnan Province, in a valley of jade-green lakes and lush fields. The rest of China might be starving, but here we wallowed in a harvest of plenty. Beautiful vegetables sprung from the rich earth, and chickens, eggs, and pork were in every market place. It was true that many of the food merchants were lepers, and their wares hung in the open air to furnish a meeting place and free lunch for millions of flies, but you can't have everything.

Pete Carson and I ran the Flying Tiger radio station. We had taken great pains to conceal it in an age-old temple on the shore of a quiet lake. But as the weeks slipped uneventfully by, and no enemy planes flew within miles, the war became more remote. The savage bombings of Rangoon and the fierce air battles over the paddies seemed more like bad dreams than the realities they had been. We began to relax and enjoy the tranquillity around us.

A touch of the timelessness of ancient China hung in the air, interrupted only occasionally by the rude intrusion of shark-toothed P-40's roaring into the grass emergency field to refuel for their strikes to the south. But as soon as the engine noise faded into the soft blue haze of the distance, things returned to normal. Normal for us was a life of ease. We lived in a big, rambling white house, set in a walled garden. Recently the home of the French customs agent, it had been abandoned when the Japs moved into Indo-China, and the border was closed.

To make life even more pleasant, the Chinese Government furnished us with a contingent of five servants, including two house-coolies two wash-amahs, and Pan Wen, cook and Number One Boy. Wise beyond his twenty-two years, Pan Wen began his education at an early age, hanging around the barracks of the old Shanghai Marine Detachment. Later, he drifted about the camps of various foreign military missions in China. A year with the Russian Volunteer Squadron at Nanking gave him a supply of hilarious tales about that hard-bitten band of bearded Bolsheviks. Many a night we sat doubled up with laughter

and half stupified by vile, gut-searing rice wine listening to him tell of the weird antics of the Russians. Hard-drinking, hard-fighting, and completely unpredictable, they would climb into their old fighters whenever the urge came—whether it was noon or midnight—and mill around looking for Japs. If the scramble was at night, then usually no thought would be given to getting back into their darkened field, and wild confusion resulted.

At first, Pan Wen tried to explain his daily purchases in bubbling pidgin English. Neither of us understood much of what he said, so we gave him a flat 2,000 Chinese dollars a month to buy food as he saw fit. No doubt half of it was pocketed in keeping with the old Chinese custom of *cumsha*. Still, we had no complaints.

Now and then he'd try to wean us away from "Mellican chow," and introduce some native delicacy.

"Masta likee Chineese chow? *Jung gwo fan ding hao*, samee Mellican velly good, chop chop!"

Almost every sentence ended with "chop chop," meaning that the job would be expedited, and it usually was.

"OK, but if it's no good, you'll eat it—every damn mouthful, chop chop."

That night he'd bring in his treat and looking very smug, would await our approval. He was a good cook, and he knew it. We were never disappointed. Birds nest soup, raw eggs dug up after two years in the soil, sweet and sour pork—it was all good, if you closed your mind to *what* it was.

One day, during this period when we frequently accepted his suggestions without knowing what he was talking about, he sidled up to me.

"Masta likee two-piece feemer, chop chop?"

"Likee what?"

"Me cachee two-piece feemer. Two-piece feemer!"

There was no use laboring the point. Thus far he hadn't made a bum buy, so he could get his "two-piece feemer," whatever that was. One thing I knew—it consisted of two parts. "Piece" in pidgin denotes units.

That night Pan Wen was gone. He had delegated one of the coolies to prepare supper, and as a result we ate typical coolie fare, cold rice with a few scraps of wilted vegetables. He was gone the next day and night too. We began to worry. Maybe this thing was too much for him. "Feemer" could mean "wild tiger," for all I knew. But the coolie kept coming back for each meal to bring forth his lack-

lustre bill of fare, so apparently Pan Wen had expected to be gone a few days.

On the third day Carson and I, as usual, closed the radio station, and leisurely strolled the half-mile home in the orange glow of a setting sun. This walk, on a cobble-stone path lined with pepper trees, was normally the high spot in our day. We'd enter our walled castle to find a white-jacketed Pan Wen ready with a drink—usually rice wine, but occasionally, when supplies came in, Scotch. Then we'd sit down to one of his superb meals.

Tonight the end of the trail brought no such pleasant moment. There was Pan Wen, and with him were two of the scroungiest coolie-girls I'd ever seen. Bare-footed and dressed alike in faded blue denims, they beamed at us with teeth as black as their scraggly hair. Heavy silver bracelets and earrings identified them as Lolos, a tribe of aborigines from the Yunnan hills.

I looked at Carson. His mouth hung open. He was trying to say something, but words wouldn't come. I felt the same way. Pan Wen broke the silence.

"Me bling two-piece feemer allee way flum Kochiu."

Kochiu! No wonder he took three days. Feemer, femur, female. Why hell yes! Chinese have trouble with their "l's" and "r's." All the time he meant "two-each female."

"My God," Carson mumbled.

Pan Wen scurried about. There was a vase of flowers on the table and now he poured the rice wine. It was obvious he was setting the stage for a connubial celebration. I could have wrung his neck. The girls giggled and kept up a sing-song conversation between themselves. They were fascinated by the electric lights. It must have been the first time they had seen such things. Carson tried to converse with them in his halting Chinese, but was met with blank stares. Pan Wen burst into the room with a tray of food.

"Feemer no savvy Chineese talk. Speakee Lolo."

That did it! They couldn't even speak Chinese. I followed him back to the kitchen.

"Get those pigs out of here, now!"

"Solly Masta, no can do. Feemer no can go back home. Disglace."

"You mean we have to keep them?"

He nodded happily. "Allee samee wife. Washee clothes. Buy chap."

My heart sank. He had gone up into the hills and bought these girls. I had heard of the Lolos selling their children to work in the tin mines of Kochiu. Now I was the proud owner of a bartered bride.

Carson tuned the short wave radio to Saigon for music, but had to turn it off.

The girls were terrified of that ominous talking box. As the coolies padded in and out, helping to load the table, they sneaked admiring glances at our Lolos. It was good that somebody appreciated them.

Dinner was a nightmare. We might as well be eating with pigs. Our guests, used to squatting on their haunches, squirmed miserably in the chairs. One stuck her whole hand in the bowl of stewed chicken, fishing for a suitable piece, while the other grabbed a half-head of boiled cabbage. One bite was enough, and it was tossed over her shoulder, to land on the rug with a greasy thud.

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Black teeth shone from a grinning, smeared face, and a handful of chicken bones were flung with gay abandon.

Carson looked at me with despair. I knew we had the same thought. There was the long night ahead. I felt sick. Not that I had any objection to acquiring a concubine. In fact, the thought was appealing. But this!

Faintly at first, but growing in volume, I heard engine noise. It couldn't be! Who'd be flying at night? The Japs hadn't bombed this place in years, and never at night. Our house, with the only electricity in Mengtsz was lit up like a Christmas tree. But there it was, louder and louder—the pulsating beat of twin-engine aircraft. Carson, half out of his chair, flashed me a grin. It was the first time that enemy planes had brought smiles, but those engines were like music.

I grabbed Pan Wen. "Get those feemers the hell outa here. Tell 'em all deals are off. This is war!"

He rattled this advice, probably in pidgin Lolo, to our bewildered brides. They shook their heads vigorously in unison, both talking at once. Pan Wen backed away.

"Say no can go. B'long stay."

All other sounds were drowned in the roar of the bombers flying overhead.

Their load wouldn't be dropped this time. It was a predictable tactic. They were finding the target, and would swing wide along the rim of the mountains before lining up for the main event. There were still a few minutes left. Pan Wen was defeated, but not for long. A sly expression crept over his yellow face.

We had to get out of there! The moon cast a brilliant light. I ran for the shallow ditch that had long since been earmarked for just such an occasion, and dove in, face down for protection from falling debris. Carson lay a few feet away. The muffled hum of motors was audible at the far end of the valley.

Pounding footsteps broke the uneasy stillness, and a body tumbled into the dusty ditch. It was Pan Wen.

"Well, where are they?" I snapped.

"Ai ya! Me get lid of feemers," he grinned, clutching a wad of grimy Chinese bills. "Sellee to coolies. Makee plofit too!"

I turned over on my back. By damn, this was one bombing I was going to enjoy. Blue exhaust flames spurted, and moonlight flashed off silver wings as the Japs thundered in on their final run. They couldn't have come at a better time. Anyway, it was great to get back in the war again!

Bishop Reveals His Impressions of India

A visitor to India comes home with three impressions—the friendliness of the Indian people for Americans, the gross need, and the extreme hopefulness—Methodist Bishop F. Gerald Ensley of Des Moines, Iowa, said on his return from a recent ten-weeks tour of India and Pakistan.

"Our governments have their difference," the Iowa churchman said "but it does not reveal itself in the contacts of individual with individual . . . While the governmental policy is cool toward missionaries, the Church in India is most desirous of continuing the labors of the ambassadors for Christ which we send out."

Discussing the needs of India, Bishop Ensley observed that "if anyone thinks he has ever witnessed poverty let him make the acquaintance with the misery of just one Indian city street . . . It sickens a visitor to realize that any of God's children must live in such sub-human circumstances.

"The everyday conveniences which Americans accept as their right are

luxuries for missions of our Asian brethren.

"The third impression one carries away from both India and Pakistan is their extreme hopefulness. Although they confront a mass of misery which is incalculable, they believe that it can be solved.

"Motivated by a deep faith in their country and implemented by the technology of the West, they have every confidence that the problem of poverty can be met in their lands as it has been in countries on this side of the sea."

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China-Burma-India Veterans Association



THE NEW **Sheraton** HOTEL

Lloyd B. Carswell

GENERAL MANAGER

JUNE, 1959

11

Fifth Columnists in Burma

This is the second of three articles on life and conditions in Burma, reprinted with permission from the Fort Worth, Texas, Star-Telegram. It was written by a young man who is in Burma on a Fulbright scholarship to study the Burmese political parties. The government of the 11-year-old Southeast Asian republic, nearly as large as Texas in area, was taken over last September by the military "to preserve order and political stability."

BY LEE S. BIGELOW

RANGOON, Burma—This is Burma's winter season, the most pleasant of the year. The temperature is like that of Texas in early November, just barely cool enough to wear a long-sleeved shirt. Every morning is bright and sunny. There has been no rain for three months, but things still look fairly green because of the great reserve of moisture that was built up during the monsoon. Now is the time to travel. I have recently returned from a three-week trip to the Shan State and Kachin State, which are roughly the eastern and northern sections of Burma.

For one two-day stretch I went by bus. I use the term loosely. It was a wartime Chevrolet truck with a wooden bus body built on the back. The hood seemed to be just set on loose. The floorboard sort of floated around under my feet. It had an Armstrong starter. But it did start. And it did roll over the road, which was what I was interested in. We did most of the trip in second or third gear. Fourth gear would pull us along only if we were on a dead level stretch, and there were not many stretches that could qualify. Going downhill, the driver put it in third gear to save on the brakes and switched off the ignition to save on gas. Essentially we were on a high plateau, but it was broken by ranges of sharp hills. We averaged about 12 miles an hour, I estimated.

The bus was crowded with villagers, the ordinary people of Burma. These were mostly Shans, however, since this was the Shan State. The Shan women dress exactly like the Burmese women, with long tubular skirt and sheer blouse. The Shan men, however, wear very loose pants instead of the Burmese longyi. They did me the honor of making room for me in the car, next to the driver. Luckily, one Indian man spoke English,

and he appointed himself my guardian. The driver was a Sikh, the Indian caste who wear turbans. He was quite a handsome fellow, about 30, and definitely the captain of his ship. He had two assistants. One was an Indian man with flashing gold teeth and untamed hair. The other was a Kachin boy of about 18 who could eat more rice than anyone I ever saw.

We stopped for lunch at one town. I think the poorest one we passed through. Only a few shops were open. A Shan woman fixed me some kauswe from her meager supply of food. At one of the tables her daughter, about 12 years old, sat eating. The child would eat for a few minutes and then let out a mournful whimper and put her head down on her arm. I saw then that she was blind. One eye must have been blind for several years and evidently the affliction had just spread to the other eye, which was inflamed. There was a smaller child running around and he had something wrong with his eyes also, although he could still see a little by tilting his head back. I thought that there was little chance that these children would have any medical help or therapy. They would just be drags on this community, which was already so poor.

* * *

The scenery that day in places reminded me of the Black Hills of South Dakota—pine forests. In other places it reminded me of Oklahoma—scrub wasteland. This area is very sparsely populated. With the help of one headlight we arrived after dark in the town of Keshi-Mansam. I went to a Chinese shop and had something to eat. The Chinese element in the population had become much more pronounced that day as we went north toward China. Shop signs, instead of being printed only in Burmese or in Burmese and English now were also printed in Chinese. This shop in which we were eating had Red Chinese posters on the wall. They were of people working or were ornamental such as fish or nymphs. One was of Mao Tse-tung. Afterward I noticed the same type of posters in other Chinese shops or in Chinese homes I passed by. I was able to understand better the suspicion with which the Burmese regard the Chinese. The Chinese keep their foreign identity. They are potential fifth columnists for the day when (most people say "when" rather than "if") China decides to march into Burma.

Keshi-Mansam was evidently a regular night stop for the bus. They had a large bamboo shed with a bamboo floor about three feet off the ground. Several people had already rolled out their beds and were asleep. It looked good enough for me, so I rolled out my bed and crawled in.

A few days later I was in Lashio and got a ride with some officials who were going to Namkham and Muse, on the China border. This is the famous Burma Road, built before the Japanese got as far as Burma. We climbed endlessly and finally leveled off on a highland pla-

teau. The air was cold and the hills were bare of trees. There were few people. It all gave me a Tibetan-like impression. We stopped for the night at Muse. The bungalow where we stayed is on the edge of a bluff. Below was the flat valley of the Shweli River, which is the border at that point. Five or six groups of farmers were threshing rice and talking. Then there was a village and then the river. On the other side there were more rice fields, a small town and then hills. It looked innocent enough, but it could not erase the knowledge that the other side of the river was China—China, the great unknown.

'Pickers' Battle for Few Scraps of Paper In Streets of Calcutta

From the Calcutta Statesman

An urchin and a woman old enough to be his grandmother saw the piece of paper in the gutter simultaneously. Both dived for it simultaneously. Age, as always, lost the battle. The look of despair on the woman's face prompted me to ask myself what price paper and the woman the meaning of the strange battle. I learnt nothing from her; she walked off in a mutter of grumbles. Days afterwards I obtained from a brother-in-trade of the urchin some inkling of the scene behind the battle.

Among Calcutta's millions battling for survival is an army of about 4,000 bare-bodied men, scrappickers (the reference is to the "private sector," and not to the better known municipalized, motorized squads), whose main weapon is a gunny sack draped over a shoulder. A metal or wooden spike is occasionally carried by the more fastidious. The men have come to Calcutta from many States, and have evolved in part a lingua franca which helps them to get along with each other.

To meet Mantoo, one of the scavengers, was an enlightening experience. About 23, well set up, the smiling rogue told me that he came from Andhra. To get a good day's pickings, he said, you have to be active. Some of the best hauls he made were after 10 p.m. What goes into the bag? Paper, board, string, glass, scrap metal, rags, cotton, jute waste, nearly everything in fact, except ashes and kitchen refuse. What happened to all this? Mantoo, of course, did not know precisely the final destinations of all scrap. He took his collections to a depot. There are said to be 500 of them in Calcutta, all licensed by the Corpora-

tion, all foul-smelling dens, all fire hazards, and all menaces to the people of the localities in which they are situated. The scavengers are paid at rates varying from Rs 5 to Rs 10 a maund; scrap metal and paper, of course, fetching the best prices.

From the depots the paper, now made into neat bales, is sent to the mills' agents who in turn send them to the mills. Bought from the scavengers at Rs 10 a maund, the paper leaves the depots for Rs 16 a maund. Mantoo could not say what the agents sold it to the mills for, but he had no doubt that a good time was had by all.

Mantoo's earnings average about Rs 8 a day, he emphasized the word "average." Some days they fell to as low as Rs 2. What did he do with the money? Food, of course, ate up the best part of it. Fortunately, he had no rent problems; he slept on the pavement. It was difficult in the monsoon, but a bath was always welcome. The balance of the money went on smokes, gambling, drink, and the cinema. It was dangerous, he said to sleep with money. The cinema, he also pointed out, swallowed up the major part of the earnings of most of his comrades.

Mantoo again did not have a tax problem though he used, and abused all the amenities of the Great City. He looked greedily at the copy of the day's paper in my hands. I could not do less than give it to him for all that he had given me. Have you any string, he asked before parting. To my negative reply and to my question which followed, he said string was a good naya paisa earner. The makers of tissue paper needed it for their product.

I was puzzled when I looked up the dictionary and saw scrap defined as "(pl.) odds and ends, useless remains." When a new edition is brought out, perhaps the publishers might care to seek Mantoo's views and not be so supercilious in defining the word.

Crusade Against 'Holy' Cows

BY RUKMINI DEVI
Central Press Association

BOMBAY, India—The much-publicized "Hindu holy cows" which cause traffic jams, scare away pedestrians and gore innocent women and children to death have ceased to be holy. A nation-wide campaign has begun to end this centuries-old menace of India's towns and villages. However, the drive has not been without heartbreaks.

The average Indian is a cow-worshiper—or has been one up till now. The Hindu religion elevates the cow to the status of "Mother." She is the giver of everything good and bounteous and the symbol of virtue and patience. Countless generations have put up smilingly and with touching indulgence with her antics.

Recently, traffic on Bombay's busy Kalbadevi road was held up for 40 minutes just because a holy cow refused to yield the middle of the street. None dared to drive her away. She was the pet of a local temple. Only when she chose to move on voluntarily did the traffic jam unloosen itself. Now, however, things are changing after a series of rude shocks to public opinion.

A STREET WANDERING cow gored a woman shopper to death in broad daylight within sight of hundreds of horrified onlookers in North Bombay. In Calcutta a holy cow lost its patience all of a sudden and sent three school-children to a hospital. An entire village in Gujarat was at the mercy of a wild bull for more than six hours and police had to be called out to stop his depredations. His rampage cost shopkeepers \$800.

New Delhi, the capital, has been hard hit by rampaging cows. Even the brand new Diplomatic Enclave has not been free from the menace of stray cows. A European diplomat and his wife were chased a quarter-mile by one of the truants.

Acting on insistent complaints from the residents of one of New Delhi's districts, the police rounded up in a single week more than 3,500 stray cows. Some of them belonged to local cowherds and "milk shops" but most were ownerless, depending on the charity of the public.

The cows were impounded and shipped to adjoining Uttar Pradesh, East Punjab

and Rajasthan States. The officials there protested that already they had too many stray cows on their hands and could not take in more. However, religious sentiment forbids the killing of cows.

A number of state legislatures have been rushing through new laws to deal with the stray cattle menace. The Bombay state legislature has just passed a bill empowering police officers to exile beyond town and village limits cows and bulls which are not kept under proper guard. Fines are also provided.

More than 20,000 cattle from Bombay City have been moved out to 20 miles away to form Asia's biggest state-run dairy farm. The experiment has proved so successful that government has announced that it will expel the remaining 15,000 cows and buffaloes from the city's suburbs also. Cattle-owners, naturally, protested violently.

ONE INDIAN in the city of Hyderabad undertook a 66-day hunger-strike "to focus attention on the injustice being done to Go Mata (Cow Mother)". There have been periodic demonstrations in the country to condemn the authorities for "failure to protect the Cow Mother." However, public opinion, once so favorable, is now turning against both the sacred cows and their champions.

In some cities "cow squads" have been formed by public-spirited citizens to round up wandering cows and take them to the municipal pounds. Some wealthy cattle-owners are employing "cow sitters" to help look after their animals when they are away at the rate of just two cents per hour.

The holy cows are waging a losing battle but public sentiment is still to lend its weight to suggestions that "mercy killing" of stray cattle, which have become "dry" and hence useless for the community, is the only real way out of the problem. So, the authorities have just no alternative but to build thousands of cattle pounds for segregating and sheltering these nomadic rogues.

One sentimental Hindu millionaire of Ahmedabad City in West India has offered to construct a mammoth "cow home" (go shala) which could accommodate 1,200 unwanted members of the species.

Book Reviews



Edited by **BOYD SINCLAIR**

THE MARAUDERS. By Charlton Ogburn Jr. 318 pages. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1959. \$4.50.

A full, documented story of the Marauders which is being praised by some critics as about the best literature of battle that has ever been written. The author was a Marauder Signal Corps lieutenant. Photographs and maps.

A PERSON FROM ENGLAND. By Fitzroy Maclean. 314 pages. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1959. \$5.00.

Through his own eyes and the eyes of other travelers, official and unofficial, civilian and military, the author describes remote Turkestan over a period of a hundred years. He tells of his journey to Bokhara and his return after 20 years.

FITZGERALD'S RUBAIYAT. Edited By Carl J. Weber. 158 pages. Colby College Press, Waterville, Maine, 1959. \$6.25.

This new edition of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" was published on the one hundredth anniversary of the first publication, a tribute to the Irish poet, Edward Fitzgerald, as well as to Omar, the old Persian poet.

WAKE ME WHEN IT'S OVER. By Howard Singer. 315 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1959. \$3.95.

A combat veteran of World War II in this novel is called back into the Air Force during the trouble in Korea. He has it pretty soft this hitch, organizing a resort hotel on a Pacific island for military personnel.

INDIA IN COLOUR. By Mulk Raj Anand. 125 pages. McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1959. \$17.50.

A narrative and seventy full-page color photographs, several of them fold-out plates, depicting many aspects of Indian life and culture. The photographs are by Suzanne Hausammann.

A SHORT WALK. By Eric Newby. 240 pages. Doubleday and Company, New York, 1959. \$4.50.

The fantastic adventures of two Englishman, one a salesman, the other a diplomat, who, with very little preparation, ventured mountain-climbing into the Hindu Kush area of eastern Afghanistan.

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF TIBETAN LAMAISM. By Antoinette Gordon. 162 pages. Charles E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont, 1959. \$12.50.

A newly revised edition includes a discussion of many new tankas (Tibetan painted banners) which have been added to the Tibetan collection at the American Museum of Natural History. New illustrations also added.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE BUDDHA. By Archie Bahm. 175 pages. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1959. \$3.00.

The author, professor of philosophy at the University of New Mexico, examines the original roots of Buddhist thought, and asserts the religion rests on a single psychological principle: avoid frustration and desire of the unobtainable.

INITIATIONS AND INITIATES IN TIBET. By Alexandra David-Neel. 222 pages. University Books, New York, 1959. \$5.00.

This book, published originally in England in 1931, is by a French woman who traveled and lived in Tibet for a long time. Her subject deals with the doctrines and practices of the Lamaistic faith.

THE GREAT DECISION. By Michael Amrine. 251 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1959. \$3.95.

The author tells the early history of the atomic bomb, from April 12, 1945, when President Truman told of the weapon, to August 6, 1945, when it exploded over Hiroshima, also of the secret, scientific development previously.

PARADISE IN TRUST. By Robert Trumbull. 222 pages. William Sloane Associates, New York, 1959. \$3.50.

A report on Americans in Micronesia, 1946-1958—the Marshalls, the Carolinas, the Northern Marianas—and how they have been governed by the United States since 1947. The author is a New York Times correspondent.

ENDURANCE. By Alfred Lansing. 282 pages. McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1959. \$5.00.

An epic of the sea, the story of the Antarctic expedition headed by Sir Ernest Shackleton in 1951. The expedition's ship, the Endurance, was crushed in pack ice, leaving the men stranded. A suspenseful narrative of courage and fortitude.

THE LAST NINE DAYS OF THE BISMARCK. By C. S. Forester. 138 pages. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1959. \$3.50.

Another great story of the sea, told in dramatic episodes. The Bismarck was a formidable German battleship. This is the narrative of its pursuit and destruction by the English Navy at the beginning of World War II.

Marauders Story Finally Told

By COL. JOHN M. VIRDEN
Editor, The American Weekend

Those who go "down to the sea in ships" swear that many sagas of salt water are written by landlubbers who think a plymoll line is a length of Manila rope. There must be some truth in that old gripe or it would not have endured so long. Being a landsman myself, I would not know how much of that is gripe and how much is the golden truth.

However, this I do know, far too many accounts of the great deeds of World War II have been written by the little men who were not there—men who have no better than a fourth-handed knowledge of what really happened and why it happened.

Take the case of "Merrill's Marauders" as an example. And here it is, told in all its frank fullness by Charlton Ogburn, Jr., (Harper, N. Y., \$4.50).

Ten million words, including the transcript of a Congressional investigation, have been written about these three wildly assorted battalions of jungle fighters who fought their way from Ledo to Shingbwyang, Shaduzep and clear to Myitkyina, Burma, early in 1944. They marched 700 miles behind the Japanese lines over what Winston Churchill called "the most forbidding fighting country imaginable." Their pack mules and horses died by the hundreds. They ate some of these wretched creatures when the Air Corps pilots couldn't find the Marauders in the deep jungle.

I knew the Marauders well, officers and men, and even a few of the tough Missouri mules that remained uneaten.

Ogburn has told the story of Merrill's Marauders as only an eye-witness with a deep feeling for the foot soldier possibly could.

They were perfect for the job they were picked to do—get back of the Jap lines in Burma and stay there long enough to disrupt the plans and operations of a whole enemy army, to live on almost nothing and "shoot at anything you can't kill silently."

Hardly a wonder men under such orders should have little patience with outsiders, and none at all with the rear echelon and headquarters types.

In the process of this deep penetration operation, the Marauders fought four pitched battles and a dozen smaller en-

agements against the finest army Imperial Japan ever put into the field. Worse, the Marauders fought malaria, dysentery and scrub typhus, and mismanagement so fantastically bad it had to be seen to be even half believed.

* * *

MILLIONS of words have been written about Merrill's Marauders. They became a legend, for courage, endurance, recklessness, and plain cussedness, a year before the war ended. But nobody managed to really tell the true story of the gallant men, who were frequently lost, often forgotten and occasionally close to open mutiny until one of their own number tackled the thankless job of telling the whole truth about the magnificent band of roughnecks who accomplished the impossible.

Charlton Ogburn, Jr., a platoon leader and signal officer for the Marauders, is easily the most unlikely jungle fighter imaginable, though he was a natural at the trade.

After graduating cum laude from Harvard in 1932, this Georgian was a writer for the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation. Then he was a book reviewer for the Book-of-the-Month Club. In 1941 he joined the Army as an Infantry private. He volunteered for the Marauders (all the Marauders were volunteers) and was in every fight with them. He was a captain when he was discharged in 1945.

I remember one spring day in 1944, sitting beside a jungle trail with a lean, red-headed corporal of the Marauders. He came from Stigler, Okla. We were born only a few miles—and 20 years—apart.

* * *

ELEVEN DAYS earlier a Jap had shot two inches of the bone out of the right arm. It had been bandaged and splinted by a comrade. The bandage had not been changed since.

He didn't seem too much worried about his arm. "Aw, it'll be all right, it ain't got a maggot in it yet. They tell me them Pennsylvania University docs at Ledo are real hot-shots at bone-grafting. They'll put a piece of my shin bone in here where the Nip hit me and I'll have most of the use of my arm. I'm lucky. Lot of the others in my outfit wasn't this lucky."

That's the way the Marauders were.



*News dispatches from recent issues of
The Calcutta Statesman*

KARACHI—The Pakistan Government has decided to release immediately German property, confiscated during World War II, to the Federal Republic of Germany, it was officially announced here. This was being done as a "gesture of goodwill towards Germany," the announcement said.

BHAWANIPATNA—One hundred and seven persons were killed by wild animals and snakes in Kalahandi district during 1958, according to reports received by district officials. Ninety-six were killed by tigers, one by a bear and 10 died of snakebite. During the first three months of the current year, 36 persons have been killed by tigers.

CALCUTTA—Worried that wild life in Nepal is fast perishing, the International Union for the Conservation of Nature has appointed Mr. E. P. Gee, well-known naturalist, to inquire into the status, number and distribution of the great Indian one-horn rhino in Nepal and suggest measures for the animal's preservation. It is reported that the danger is not so much from poaching as from indiscriminate opening up by hillmen of forest areas for habitation.

LUCKNOW—During a 10-day hunt in the dense reserve forest between Pilibhit and Tanakpur in the Naini Tal-Tarai area, four man-eaters were killed by a Provincial Armed Constabulary squad. The tigers were responsible for three deaths near Manjholia village and caused much panic among the villagers.

CALCUTTA—Mr. Biswanath Lohia, newly-elected president of the Indian Kapok Mills Association, has urged the Government to take steps to stop destruction of kapok trees and to grow them extensively to ensure a sufficient supply of raw kapok.

CALCUTTA—The Indian Air Force, founded in 1933, completed 26 years of its existence on March 31, 1959. The Air Force in the words of the Prime Minister, has been a "messenger of healing and goodwill in times of natural calamities inside the country."

KARACHI—The Pakistan Government has presented six chinara seedlings to Japan. They are to be planted in the garden of the Ozaki Memorial Hall. Chinara, a picturesque tree, finds pride of place in gardens in Pakistan, especially those laid out by the Moghuls.

KARACHI—The coal mining industry in West Pakistan is to be modernized under a Rs 7-crore project to be launched shortly by the Pakistan Industrial Development Corporation.

NEW DELHI—The output and consumption of electricity in India have more than doubled since the beginning of the First Plan in December, 1958.

NEW DELHI—The use of bigger and more suitable aircraft than Dakotas on the air service between Calcutta and Assam to ensure full security against the generally inclement weather in Assam is now being considered.

NEW DELHI—It is reported that gold smuggling dropped by 50 per cent in 1958, as compared with 1957.

NEW DELHI—The Lok Sabha has discussed a resolution urging that the export of monkeys from India be completely banned, on the grounds that it is a measure of cruelty and against India's traditions. The argument that these monkeys shipped to the United States served the cause of medicine or brought foreign exchange did not hold at all.

CHANDERNAGORE—Nearly 50 washermen of the town demonstrated outside the office of the Mayor, demanding supply of washing materials at a fair price and continuance of the existing facility of washing clothes in municipal tanks without paying any tax.

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP

P. O. Box 188

Laurens, Iowa

CBI-er's Viewpoint

This month's question:

What was the oddest superstition or belief that you encountered during your CBI service?

LAWRENCE SNYDER, Casa Grande, Ariz.—"The one that takes the cake for my money is the belief behind the Parsee superstition of burial on the 'Towers of Silence.' In this rite, the body is carried to the top of a high tower. After services, the door is closed and vultures descend to devour the remains, picking the bones dry. The philosophy is: To bury in the ground is to contaminate the earth; to bury in the sea is to contaminate the water; to destroy by fire is to contaminate the air. By way of the Parsee Tower of silence, only the vultures are contaminated, and they are already considered contaminated. Burr-r-r-r!"

MORRIS CATALIN, Bronx, N. Y.—"One reason why India remains a backward country is some of the unchangeable beliefs and superstitions of the Hindu religion. Some CBI-ers may remember in 1943, when Calcutta was blacked out due to possibility of air raid, the British understandably forbid the annual Festival of Lights. In this colorful ceremony, the natives carry tens of thousands of lights, flames, torches, etc., through the streets. Realizing the tremendous target it would afford a Japanese air raid squadron, the festival was banned that year. But I understand the British had to bear arms against a huge mob that insisted on carrying out the holy affair."

GEORGE A. STERNS, Estes Park, Colo.—"Speaking of beliefs, none to me is stranger than a man so religious he will die of starvation when millions of sacred cows and bulls are running around loose. That was the case during the great Bengal Famine of 1942."

LARRY HAUG, Lincoln, Neb.—"Oldest superstition I recall in the CBI area is that many Chinese people believe they are being followed by an evil spirit. They were positive that if they ran in front of a moving vehicle, being missed by only a few inches, their evil spirit would be killed. This practice led to disaster for many of our Allies. Some seemed to

favor running across the path of a landing plane. In some instances, rather than killing his evil spirit, the Chinese himself would be maimed or decapitated by spinning propellers. His fellow workers would gleefully shout, 'Very good,' knowing that their late friends' earthly troubles had ended."

MILTON KLEIN, Suffern, N. Y.—"While on convoy through the Sind Desert in India, driving a jeep, I noticed natives suddenly dash from one side of the 'road' to the other, but always directly in front of the vehicle. Often the jeep barely missed hitting them. We made a night stopover in Allahbad, and I had an opportunity to visit with an English-speaking Sikh. He informed me that these natives deliberately risked their lives running in front of moving vehicles because they believed the jeep would destroy the insidious devils that accompanied them. Such spirits were supposed to follow behind, and plague the natives until the devils and evil ones were destroyed in the manner described."

STERLING I. THAYER, Chicago, Ill.—"By and large, the Chinese are a very moral people. But I could never get used to their idea of mixed bathing in the public bath houses."

TED McALISTER, Taos, N. M.—"The topper to all strange superstitions is this one: The Chinese would dash in front of the running propellers of our planes, hoping that their 'evil spirits' would be chopped to bits behind them. Needless to say, often he was the victim himself."

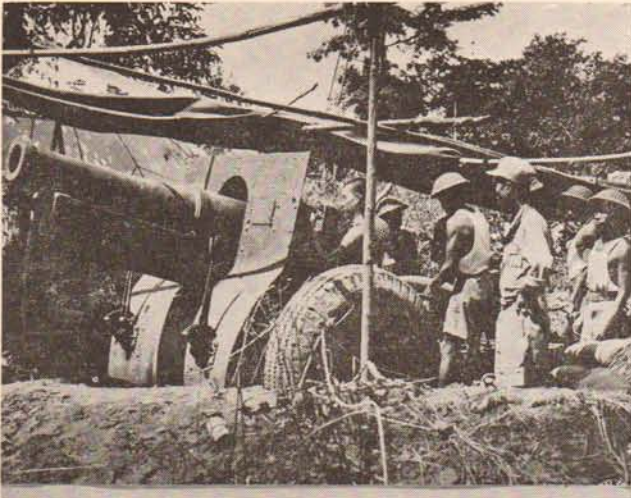
LOUIS MIDDGAUGH, Pocatello, Ida.—"Anyone who worked with Moslems in India during the war will recall they faced toward Mecca and prayed four times a day. My bearer, one Behadi Mohammed, set certain times of the day for this ritual, and whatever he was doing when the time came, he dropped it and did the needful!"

ROY ALLEN LAWSON, Cincinnati, O.—"What about the Oriental belief of paying a dowry to the father of the bride for taking her off his hands?"

Next month's question:

What is your guess as to the final disposition of Nationalist vs. Communist China?

Send your reply to the above question to the Roundup editors for inclusion in the next issue.



IN ACTION at Laban, near Wakaung, in the Mogaung Valley of Northern Burma are members of the 38th Chinese Division. Photo by Jack Jenkins.

Repair Squadron

● Was with the 47th Repair Squadron, stationed at the Eastern India Air Depot at Panagarh, India. Enjoy reading Roundup; keep up the good work.

S. E. PEDERSON,
Eau Claire, Wis.

Truly Great Surgeon

● Glad to see John Oppenheim's letter concerning the distinguished General Ravdin (May issue). Dr. Ravdin of 20th General Hospital, Leds, is indeed one of America's truly great surgeons. If that old CBI'er can't fix you up with his healing knife you've had it and might as well send for the nearest chaplain. The truth of it is Dr. Ravdin was a nationally known surgeon before he came to Leds. Though most of us rough-necks who gave him a hard time while patients at the 20th . . . and on certain social occasions . . . just didn't have sense enough to know that. So, belated though it is, I'm glad to see that medic get Mr. Oppenheim's nice bowl of roses in print.

JOHN M. VIRDEN,
Colonel USAF (Ret.)
Washington, D. C.

Midwest Convention

● The spring meeting, dinner and dance of the Iowa Basha on April 11 was more of a "midwest convention" as CBI vets from five states attended. Fritz Marz was in charge of arrangements for the event, which was held at Amana. National Commander Bob Doucette and Sr. Vice Commander Harold Kretchmar both addressed the 125 who attended. Other national officers attending were George Marquardt, Sam Meranda, Bill Leichsenring and Red Adams. The commander of the Chicago Basha also came out to the "corn state" with several Windy City CBI vets. New Carl F. Moerschel Iowa Basha officers elected for the coming year were Henry Hertel of Amana, commander; Kermit Kuhlman of Colesburg, vice commander; Ray Alderson of Dubuque, adjutant; Ben Hopkins of Montezuma, chaplain; Neil Maurer of Laurens, public relations; and Donald Doyle of Sioux City, judge advocate. Forty Iowa CBI vets joined the national CBIVA at the Amana meeting. Leo Miner read a tentative program

already scheduled for the 13th national CBI Reunion to be held in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, on August 4, 5 and 6 in 1960.

RAY ALDERSON,
Dubuque, Iowa

Looking for Meyer

● Have been trying to locate Col. Edward Meyer, whose original address was Great Neck, Long Island, N. Y. He was in charge of the Port at Karachi. Anyone who might know his whereabouts, please contact me.

DENNIS J. LOUGHMAN,
Box 31
Waynesburg, Pa.

Rickshaws Exciting

● We may want to frame the picture of the rickshaw in your last issue (May). I am told all of India's cities are doing away with this mode of transportation due to modern competition.

GEORGE A. LYLE,
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Back Issues!

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THE ROUNDUP

P. O. Box 188
Laurens, Iowa



VILLAGE near Kunming, China, with threshing floor in foreground. Photo by George J. Johns.

Death of Wilson

● John B. Wilson, 47, a CBI veteran, died recently at Lubbock, Tex., where he lived for about 10 years and was engaged in the real estate business. Survivors include his wife, two sons, his mother, five brothers and four sisters. John entered service from Atlanta, Ga., and served as master sergeant in the operations section of the 20th Tactical Reconnaissance Squadron at Dinjan, Tingkaw-K-Sakan and Myitkyina. He was an outstanding airman, devoted to duty and to his fellows. He was friend and councilor to all of us in the 20th, and served his country well.

JOHN J. KENDRICK,
Major, USAFR
Brownfield, Tex.

Major Milligan Dies

● Arthur G. Milligan, Jr., 42, who served as chief of Special Services for the armed forces in the India-Burma Theater, died April 11 at his home in Buffalo, N. Y. He was a dramatic coach, active in summer theater work. During World War II he enlisted as a private and advanced to the rank of major. His mother and two brothers survive.

JOSEPH M. OVERFIELD,
(10th Weather Sq.)
Kenmore, N. Y.

Pal Airplane Driver

● Well, fan my brow! And where have I been these past dozen years to not know about Ex-CBI Roundup? If it hadn't been for Chuck Haley, a fellow airplane driver at Misamari, I might still be dreaming of the past instead of reading about it. Feed me the issues of the last five years and put me down for a couple more in the future. Don't pass me by anymore!

RALPH L. GRAY,
Wichita, Kan.

Myitkyina Missionary

● Whatever became of the American missionary at Myitkyina who wrote several articles for Roundup a year or so ago? At that time I recall he said his family and another person were the only Americans in that city, which once was held by thousands of Yanks. His articles were informative and interesting.

DONALD HAUSER,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Old C-47's Still Used

● Attention, former ATC pilots: If you thought the old C-47's were about worn out when we left India, here's news for you: They're still using them on the Indian Airlines Assam runs.

JOHN J. BUTLER,
Sacramento, Calif.

Book on Chennault

● In the May book reviews page, Gen. Robert L. Scott's book on Chennault heads the list, which is as it should be. Anyone who served in the 14th Air Force wouldn't want to miss reading this wonderful achievement. Lots of history, action and a bit of controversy, too.

CLARENCE IRWIN,
Reno, Nevada



ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB, 330th Troop Carrier, at Myitkyina, Burma. Photo by Edward V. Panek.



BIRLA TEMPLES at New Delhi, India, are shown in this unusual photo by Dushyant V. Patel.

Calcutta Gharry

● Golly! That picture of the horse gharry on page 19 of the May issue did wonders for my morale! A good many GI's who frequented Calcutta will find fond memories in the picture also. I'll bet. I think the best part of riding in those carriages was the inevitable friendly argument we had over the fare each time!

MARGARET SAGER,
New Orleans, La.

Stilwell Basha

● The Stilwell Basha, Washington, D. C., held a regular meeting April 16 at the residence of the Chinese ambassador, the Honorable Mr. George Yeh, at Twin Oaks, Washington, D. C. Among the guests present were General and Mrs. Howard Davidson, Congressman Harmon of Indiana, Chinese Military Attache General Fu-ning Lu, and Pardee Lowe of the U. S. Information Agency and Mrs. Lowe. We hope to have more of our meetings at embassies, and the Chinese ambassador has asked us to pay a return visit. CBIers in and around Washington who have not yet joined our basha are

missing a good bet. If anyone is interested we are listed in the Washington phone book under China-Burma-India Veterans Association. Give us a call.

MURRAY URAN,
Adjutant
Washington, D. C.

General Beebe Dies

● In the May issue of Roundup someone was asking about Colonel Beebe. My son, Major Robert Fensler, was in the 308th Group of which Colonel Beebe was commander. I sent the clipping to my daughter-in-law and just the day after receiving it she read in a New York paper of the death of Maj. Gen. Royden E. Beebe, Jr., USAF (Ret.) following a heart attack while playing golf at the Andrews Air Force Base. Services were held May 4 at Arlington National Cemetery. General Beebe, 51, retired recently as the Air Force member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Strategic Survey Committee. Prior to his service on that staff, which began in 1956, he had directed the combat readiness of all American Air Force units in Central Europe for NATO. He was a West Point graduate, and had been an Air Force officer since 1933.

MRS. CLARK W. FENSLE,
Tulelake, Calif.



PINUP GIRLS in the original CBI Roundup attract the attention of a Chinese soldier. Photo by Jack Jenkins.



Commander's Message

by

Robert W. Doucette

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaam Sahibs:

A sincere **Thank You** to all the bashas and individuals who made the CBIVA membership drive a big success. The Carl Moerschel Basha of Iowa won the first prize for the greatest number of new members during the contest period while Washington, D. C., took honors with the greatest percentage increase of National CBIVA members. The individual honors went to Ray Alderson of the Carl Moerschel Basha and Boyd Rose of the Delaware Valley Basha. Congratulations to the winners. The prizes will be awarded at the CBIVA Convention in Philadelphia.

Now that you fellows have found out that new members are not hard to find, I hope that even though the contest is over, your interest in obtaining new members will continue. I realize that we are limited as a veterans organization in comparison with the VFW and the American Legion on some matters but we also have several advantages. Perhaps the main arguments on our behalf are that we are non political, family type of organization from one theater of operation, have perhaps the finest veteran publications, the best (by far) national convention, the friendliest people, and last, but certainly not least, the National CBIVA is large enough to be of service to you but small enough to appreciate you. Please keep your interest high in continuing to make the CBIVA grow.

On April 10, 1959, I had the pleasure of attending the spring party of the Carl Moerschel Basha of Iowa. Thanks to Ray Alderson and all the Iowa gang, Mickey and I had a wonderful time and were very happy to sign up 37 new national CBIVA members who had come to attend the spring reunion.

When you receive this edition of the EX-CBI ROUNDUP, the spring national executive board meeting will have been held. We had many decisions to make and I wish to thank those members who have written to me expressing their ideas

as to how to improve their organization, the CBIVA.

Two of the ideas received for discussion by members have been the adoption of a suitable bronze CBI plaque for presentation to the United States government for display at the National Cemetery in Arlington, Virginia, in honor of the CBI veteran and the publishing of a complete membership book to be distributed to all members. Interest shown by suggestions of this nature speaks well for the members of CBIVA.

I imagine most of you are making your summer vacation plans. I sincerely hope they include the National Convention in Philadelphia on August 5, 6, 7 and 8th. The Delaware Valley Basha has worked hard on convention plans with the purpose of staging the biggest and best reunion to date. They have the facilities, they have completed a wonderful program, they have the enthusiasm and the workers. All they need is you and your family.

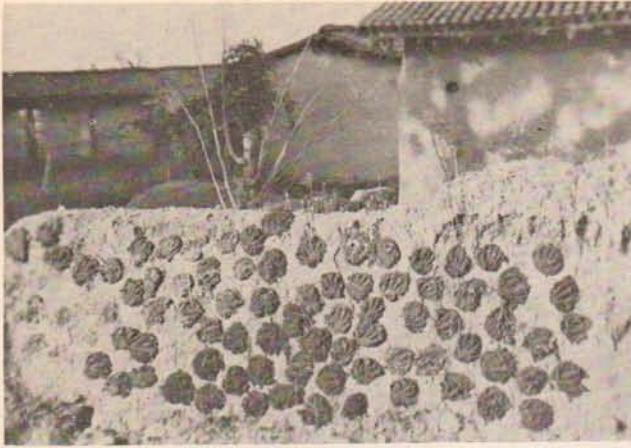
Many of you undoubtedly saw the "Twentieth Century" television show on the subject "Burma Road and the Hump." Through the courtesy of the Prudential Insurance Company, the producers of the show, a sound film copy of the show will be made available for our use at the national convention in Philadelphia. Those of you who did not see the show and those wives who have doubted some of the "tall" stories they have heard from their husbands as to the CBI theater, will have an opportunity to verify some facts. It should prove interesting ! ! !

In the May issue of the EX-CBI ROUNDUP, a most interesting article, "The 'Sentimentalists' were sent to the CBI," appeared. It was written by Glenn Hess and whether you agree or not, I recommend it for interesting reading.

Don't forget Philadelphia in August and you fellows whose outfits are going to have a reunion within a reunion, let me know so that we can arrange a time for all your outfits to have a "bull" session.

ROBERT W. DOUCETTE
National Commander
6232 Washington Circle
Wauwatosa 13, Wisconsin

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup and vice versa.—Eds.



COW PATTIES, each bearing a hand print, are shown drying on a wall off Karaya Road in Calcutta. As they fall to the ground they are gathered up for fuel. Photo by George J. Johns.

Charcoal Burners

● Congratulations on a splendid job of putting out a swell magazine for us CBI wallahs these past many years. Have often wondered if the charcoal-burning cars and trucks are still being used in India?

FRED SCARBOROUGH,
Providence, R. I.

War-born, the devices were discontinued in most instances when gasoline again became available.
—Eds.

Trip to India

● I do envy Mrs. Richardson who mentioned in the May issue that she went back to India last fall. Maybe she will write a few words for the magazine about the things she saw.

Mrs. HARVEY PLAGER,
Naples, Fla.

Coolies of CBI

● The May issue cover, showing oxcarts working alongside an Engineer bulldozer on the Ledo Road, is but one of many unusual incidents common to CBI country. Even with our then modern pieces of equipment

the road would still be in process of construction without the many thousands of Indian, Burmese and Chinese coolies who toiled long and hard to push it through.

JESSE E. HARPER,
Anaheim, Calif.

China Pictures

● Good to see so many China pictures in recent issues. I realize that the greatest percentage of CBI veterans served in India, and that more pictures and other material on India are available for publication.

CLAYTON B. MANSAR,
Miami, Fla.

Flying Tiger

● General Robert L. Scott's new book, "Flying Tiger: Chennault of China," is a dandy! It gives a true picture of General Chennault's real worth, and points an accusing finger at those who tried to discredit him during the war. For Chennault's men, as the book says, "there remains to this day a bitterness that has been and will be felt for a long time . . . For they saw the human jealousies and ignorance kill their friends and worse, render their own sacrifices useless."

GEORGE CODY,
Stockton, Calif.



COMPANY street of Company A, 1875 Engineer Aviation Battalion, at Shadazup, Burma, in the fall of 1944. Photo by Jim Bowman.

Brass Gifts from India

DEMAND FOR SMALL gift items in India Brassware motivates our offer to CBI-ers for this month. All of the smart ideas presented on this page are low in price. Remember, minimum order is \$5.00, we pay the postage!

INDIA BRASS POLISH CLOTHS

At last a jeweler's rouge cloth that will keep your India Brassware brightly shining. Cloths last for years. Nothing to dry out or spoil. Only 75c



No. 180. Oval ash tray, 3 1/4" by 4 1/4", only 85c each. No. 183. Ice hammer-bottleopener, heavy engraved brass piece, handy item for bar or kitchen, only \$1.65 each. No. 130. Coaster or ash tray, engraved, 3", fits most glasses, only 35c each.



No. 182. Double Peg Measure, 4", only \$1.00 ea. No. 173. Incense Burner, spiral design, with bell in lid, only \$1.00 ea. No. 192. Incense Burner, 3" Tall, typically Indian, only \$1.00 ea. No. 120. Bottleopener with bell, 90c.



No. 187. Night Candlesticks, engraved, only \$2.95 pair. No. 181. Jigger or toothpick cup, 1 1/2", 35c each; 2 1/2", 60c each. No. 172. Small incense burner, 2", only 85c each. No. 191. Small Bells, 2", \$4.20 per dozen.



No. 134. Card Tray, 5 1/2", richly engraved, many uses, only \$1.25 each. No. 204. Leaf Mint Dish, 5", \$1.50 each. No. 196. Leaf Ash Tray, 5", only \$1.50 each.

**BAZAAR
of
INDIA**

1646 Lawrence St.

Denver 2, Colo.